# The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

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## The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

From the Principia.

### POSITION OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"He held that a man might hold a slave and not do wrong. This must be the case until time was annihilated. There might be formalities, and whether they took seconds, days or weeks, time must be consumed. Such a thing as immediate emancipation was impossible. There was nothing bad or good *per se*. A thing was bad if its consequences were bad, and *vice versa*, and all things were to be judged by their tendency to good or bad."

The above is from the speech of Mr. BEECHER, in the discussion concerning the American Board by the Plymouth Church, Jan. 23, as reported in the *N. Y. Times* of the next morning. It is the old doctrine of gradualism over again, and standing in its proper logical connection, with the doctrine, 1. that slavery "is not *sin per se*" in other words, is not sin in itself; and, 2. with the still more comprehensive doctrine that there is *nothing that is sin per se*, sin in itself; because all the sinfulness (or criminality) of sin lies, not at all in *itself*, in its own *nature*, but only in the tendency or consequences of sinning. Or, in commercial parlance, that nothing is sinful, so long as it will pay.

We thank Mr. Beecher for his frankness, and we honor him for his philosophical accuracy, in placing these things together, where they belong, where they can be looked at, and seen just as they are. Of gradualism we have heard enough all along, for thirty years past. So also of the doctrine that slavery is not "*sin per se*," sin in itself. Equally familiar have we been, all that time, with the philosophy of utility or expediency, as taught by Hobbs, Hume, Godwin, and Voltaire, as the foundation of virtue, and with equal clearness and success, by Bishop Law, Arch-deacon Paley, and Rev. Dr. Taylor of New Haven. We were aware, somewhat vaguely perhaps, of the ethical affinity between these several propositions. Mr. Beecher has shown us, more clearly, the consecutive relation between them. His argument before an intelligent church, required him to do this. The American Board was to be vindicated. It was only on the ground of gradualism that this could be done. But gradual emancipation, involving a continuance of slavery, was to be justified in no way but by maintaining that slaveholding is not, in itself sinful. And this in its turn, could be maintained only by taking the broader ground that no practice is, in itself sinful (or blame worthy) on its own account, or for what it is in *itself*, but only on account of the *consequence* resulting from it. We do not suppose that Mr. Beecher, on this occasion, or for the first time, or for the mere purpose of carrying a point, adopted these several theories. But, having before held them, he knew how to string them together for service, when service was required of them.

Here then are his positions:

1. Gradual emancipation, involving present continuance, in slaveholding; the present existence of slavery. This he advocates in opposition to immediate emancipation.

2. Slavery, or slaveholding, is not bad, in itself.

3. *Nothing* is bad in itself, but bad only on account of its bad tendencies, results, effects, consequences.

Against each of these we might advance separate arguments. Against the first we might bring the heaven-revealed duty of immediate and unconditional repentance and reformation. "Now, is the accepted time." "Execute judgment in the morning" without delay. We might say, in the tone of his own words, that failing to insist on this, slavery must continue to exist, and be innocent, "until time is annihilated." We might reverse his statement and affirm that all emancipation *except* immediate emancipation is impossible, and has never been witnessed. Against the second proposition we might urge, that if slavery, or if slaveholding, be not sin in *itself*, then it is not *sin*, *at all*, since nothing can be sinful out of itself, or sinful in something else.

But, since the first two propositions repose for their support on the third, as Mr. Beecher himself evidently understands; we may as well come direct to that point; and see whether that proposition can stand.

"There is nothing bad or good *per se*," nothing good or bad in itself and vice versa, all things are to be judged [pronounced good or bad] "by their tendency to good or bad."

By the terms "bad or good" in the beginning of the sentence, we suppose Mr. Beecher means wrong or right, innocent or sinful. And by the same terms, near the close of the sentence, we suppose he means the misery or the happiness resulting from wrong or right actions. Otherwise there would be nothing intelligible in his statement. He does not mean to say that all things are to be judged right or wrong according to their tendency to right or wrong—nor that all things are to be judged miserable or happy by their tendencies to misery or happiness. Such statements would be mere tautology and verbiage.

The meaning then, is this, "There is nothing right or wrong *per se*." A thing tending to misery is wrong, and *vice versa*, and all things are to be judged by their tendency to misery or to happiness.

This is equivalent to the proposition that there is no right nor wrong, no holiness nor sin, in the universe. If the moral quality or essence of *right*, or of *holiness*, does not lie in *itself*, then it lies *nowhere*. If the moral quality or essence of *wrong*, or of *sin*, does not inhere in itself, then it inheres nowhere. The one cannot inhere in *happiness*, nor the other in *misery*. It is confusion of language as well as of ideas, a confounding of moral distinctions as well as of the meaning of words, so to identify sin with suffering, and happiness with virtue, as to deny the distinction between them, and to transfer praise and blame from the one to the other. The heaven established connection between them does not make them one and the same thing, for this would render such connection impossible.

The man who does a mean act is guilty of that mean act, and blame-worthy and self condemned on account of it, irrespective of the misery that his mean act is likely to produce. The man who performs a right, a noble act, is virtuous in consequence of it, deserves approbation, and *has* the approbation of his own conscience, irrespective of the tendency or effects of his action.

Ingratitude, envy, malice, revenge, are in themselves, wrong, sinful, and blame worthy, whatever may be the effects they may produce. And the opposites of these vices are virtues, and are lovely and commendable in their own nature, irrespective of their tendency to produce happiness.

In other words "right and wrong," "holiness and sin," are terms that express *existing realities*, having distinct characters of their own, deserving complacency or aversion, praise or blame, without stopping to inquire after the *consequences* flowing out of them. The things themselves, not their consequences merely, draw forth the commendation and sympathy of God and of good men.

God loves the right because it is right; he hates the wrong because it is wrong. From this cause, for this reason, God rewards the right, and punishes the wrong, by connecting happiness with the one, and misery with the other. He does not love the right, because he has appointed for it a reward; neither should we. He does not hate the wrong because he has provided for it a punishment; neither should we.

Every divine threatening of punishment is an expression of God's hatred for a temper or act that is wrong or sinful in *itself*. Otherwise he would not punish it. For he punishes not, without a good reason. He punishes nothing that is not deserving of punishment. Every divine promise of reward is an expression of God's love of righteousness, virtue, or true holiness; and he loves it for what it is, in itself. Otherwise he would not reward it. His rewards are not without a good reason.

There is, then, a right, and a wrong, in the nature of things. And human acts, have, in themselves, a moral quality, irrespective of their consequences. All moral acts are either right or wrong, in themselves, *per se*. Slaveholding is a moral act, as it is the act of one moral being toward another moral being. That act is either right or wrong.

It is either right in itself, or else it is sin in itself; right *per se*, or wrong and sinful, *per se*. 'All unrighteousness is sin.' If slaveholding is right, if it be innocent, then it should be commended and protected by law. If wrong, it should be condemned and forbidden, excluded from the Church as a sin, and suppressed by the State, for the necessary protection of men's dearest and most essential rights. [illegible] Churches, Ministers, and Missionary Boards. If the American Board has treated slaveholding as sin, in *itself*, and as being hateful and offensive to God, then it has done right. If otherwise, then it has done wrong. If the Pilgrim Church in Brooklyn, with its pastor, have regarded and treated the act of slaveholding, or man-stealing (for the terms are synonymous) as God regards and treats it, they have done right. If not, they have done wrong.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

### TROUSSANT L'OUVERTURE.

WENDELL PHILLIPS'S LECTURE AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

Wendell Phillips lectured last night on *Tousser L'Ouverture*, the hero of St. Domingo. The large hall, though not uncomfortably crowded, was full, and the attention was marked and respectful.—There was some hissing, but more applause, and the hissing was not done in an offensive manner. Mr. Phillips said his lecture would not only be a biography but an argument. He proposed to show that, judged by its achievements, the African race, more than any other, deserves to stand beside the Anglo-Saxon; and to illustrate this idea, he selected a hero who was the son of a native African, and had not a drop of white blood in his veins. There was one quality, indeed, in which the Anglo-Saxon race can claim superiority to all the world—the quality of disinterestedness. It has stretched out its arm to give freedom to those who had no share in its blood. The kingdom of Great Britain gave an example of this, when by its decree it melted the fetters of eight hundred thousand slaves in the West Indies. Recently an American has given another example on the Potomac, by laying down his life for the liberty of another race. [Applause and hisses, the applause prevailing.]

From 1785 to 1790, San Domingo was the favorite colony of France, and the grandeur of the French kings and the magnificence of the Romans could not outrival the splendid greatness of the planters of the settlement. There were 30,000 whites on the Island, the owners of land and slaves; and as in America at the present day, the slaveholders freely intermixed with the slaves.—The only difference is, that while they acknowledged their children, here we do not. They educated them well, sent them to Europe, and at their death settled large fortunes upon their offspring. Yet they labored under many disadvantages. A mulatto could not sit on the same bench with a white boy, and if a black was riding into a city he would not be allowed to enter until he alighted and led the horse in by the bridle.

Beneath both these classes surged the dark mass of the people who were slaves. The slave trade was in operation, and twenty-five thousand Africans were anually imported. In 1790 the French Revolution broke out, and the cry of "Liberty, Equality" reached the Island. The white man heard it with alarm and the slave with indifference, for it was a fight in the upper air, in which he had no part. But the mulattoes hailed it as a dawn of deliverance. Immediately they assembled and sent a messenger to France with six thousand livres, which were laid on the altar of the new Republic, and promised the same contribution annually, and asked only in return that their equality as citizens should be declared and protected. Instantly the National Assembly passed a decree that all such who were born citizens of France were equal under its laws, and Lafayette sent with the decree a friend of his to promulgate and explain it to the authorities of St. Domingo. It was laid on the table of the Legislature of St. Domingo, which was in session when it arrived. A member of that body tore it to pieces and trampled it under foot, swearing the island should sink before it should be executed. A lawyer who had drawn up a petition for a mulatto was hung, and the mulatto was hung beside him. The messenger of France was broken on the wheel, his body divided into four parts, and a piece sent to four cities. The French government reaffirmed its decree, and sent another messenger, and this was followed by universal anarchy. One party appealed to the English, and seven thousand soldiers were sent from Jamacia. Another party was plotting a republic and annexation to the United States. Finally fourteen thousand slaves were armed, and when they had been conquered and ordered to lay down their arms, refused to do so, except on conditions favorable to themselves.

The lecturer here went on to describe more at length the state of parties and the resolute acts of resistance made by the negroes. It was about this period that Toussaint L'Overture appeared. He was an ignorant and untutored man, of about fifty years of age. His only skill was as an herbalist, and he was very well known as a sort of country doctor. His first act on taking part with his countrymen for liberty was to see to the safety of his master and mistress, whom he put into a vessel, after having loaded it with sugar, coffee, &c., and he then sent them to Baltimore, and never forgot to send them the constant means of support each year as long as they lived. [Loud applause.] The lecturer then at some length detailed instances of magnanimity in the negro character, showing how Dessalines had stood by his master in sickness, and with his own hands dug his grave at his death. The exciting scenes of the revolt of the negroes was depicted by Mr. Phillips, and the firm and courageous demeanor of Toussaint, from the beginning of the outbrake to the time when sixty French vessels appeared before the port of St. Domingo, was eloquently described amid great applause. When the last expedition from France came to the island, the native commanders warned them not to approach, for if they did they would burn the city, poison the rivers, and show no mercy. The French did land, however, and Dessalines kept his word, applying with his own hand the torch to the door of a magnificent palace furnished for him by English architects, and in forty-eight hours the town lay in ruins. The French were beaten at every step. The Frenchmen, finding they were beaten in the field, had recourse to lying proclamations. Le Clerc [illegible] to enslave the Haytians, but to deprive Toussaint of authority. He invited the black chieftain to come from the mountains, promising him protection. Toussaint submitted, telling Le Clerc that his only motive was to save bloodshed. Le Clerc swore on the cross inviolable protection to Toussaint, upon which the latter retired again to the mountains to practise the arts of peace, as tranquillity once more reigned in his country.—But August was approaching, bringing with it its fevers, when Le Clerc knew that many of his soldiers must perish. In such a prospect Toussaint was too powerful a man to be suffered to remain at large. Accordingly he was summoned to a council, and, relying on the word of a French general he went. Toussaint has been accused of credulity in going, for he might have known that he would be deceived, and, therefore, should have stayed away: but that only showed that the white man could lie more glibly and smoothly than he. Perhaps he reasoned that, as was suspected, if he did not go he might be seized, and that if he went his confidence might disarm his enemies. At all events, it would be no worse—and so he went.

Phillips than proceeded to show the trustworthiness of Toussaint. His word, he said, had never been broken, and so perfectly honerable was he in this particular, that his bitterest enemies implicitly trusted him. He illustrated this by a well known story. Toussaint had an engagement to meet General Maitland, the British Commander.—While on the way, the General was informed that that he was betrayed; still he went, and when he arrived Toussaint placed two letters in his hand—one from the French commander, offering him any sum of money to deliver Maitland to him, and the other his answer: "I have promised that he shall go home. At another time he was offered a lordship and unbounded wealth, by George III., if he would transfer the island to Great Britain, but he refused to break his plighted faith to those he served. Returning to the summons of the Council, Mr. Phillips said, when Toussaint entered the Council chamber all the officers drew their swords and declared him a prisoner. He looked sorrowful at the announcement, but not surprised. He was sent on board a ship, with his family, and conveyed to France. As the island faded from his view he said: "You think you have plucked up the tree of liberty by the roots but I am only a branch. The roots are planted deep in the hearts of the people, and you must tear them out before you can destroy their life." On arriving in France he was imprisoned in a dungeon at the foot of the Alps, there to die. The ice was thick upon the floor in winter, and the water lay an inch deep in summer. At first he was was allowed five francs a day, but Napoleon Boneparte, who subsequently scolded at the parsimony of the British government because it allowed him only six thousand dollars a month, ordered the miserable pittance allowed to Toussaint to be reduced to two francs a day. But as he did not die, the jailor was ordered to Paris, and to take the keys of the dungeon with him. He was detained in Paris four days and and when he returned the work had been finished. Toussaint L'Ouverture was starved to death. Mr. Phillips then spoke of the vengeance Dessalines subsequently took on the French; how he once hanged five hundred of them, to avenge the death of his slaughtered countrymen—and born as he (the lecturer) was, within sight of Bunker Hill, he would say, Dessalines did right; how the negro chief fired red-hot cannon balls to sink the ship in which the Marquis de Rochambeau was about to fly, but forgave him, at the intercession of the British. From this he deduced the fact that the negro was not deficent in true courage, referring the audience to several events in history, the last of which was the recent outbrake in Virginia. He then compared Toussaint to Cromwell, Washington, Napoleon and others, awarding the palm to the negro chief. Mr. Phillips concluded nearly in the following words:

"People to-night might think him a fanatic, because they read history with their prejudices and not with their eyes. But when some future historian, some Tacitus, comes to write, he will take Phocian as the noblest model of Greece—Brutus, of Rome—Hampden, of England—Lafayette, of France—Washington, the brightest star of the last generation, and John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, for this [loud hisses and cheers]—and with a pen dipped in the sunbeam, will write above them all the name of the patriot and martyr—*Toussaint L'Overture.* [Applause and hisses.]

From the Northern Independent.

### $1000 REWARD.

Ran away from the subscriber at Fairfax Court House, Virginia, Tuesday, December 27th, 1859, a Mulatto man calling himself Lewis Lee, 28 or 30 years of age, about five feet high, spare, but well built, active, quick in motion and speech, and very polite in his manners. Very *light* mulatto, straight, sandy hair, and light grey eyes. I will give the above reward for his apprehension and return, or if lodged in Jail *so that I can get him again.* N. B. WATKINS.

January 8, 1860.

### REPLY.

LEWIS LEE, TO N. B. WATKINS.

Ye have stolen all else from the African man,
But the color God gave him to wear,
The South now is stealing that fast as it can,
Infusing light color and hair.

If your grandsire stole mine on the African coast,
And stole him to make him his slave,
The right that gives you, sir, to me, is at most,
But the right of the robber and knave.

Or, if my father was your grandfather's son,
And your father enslaved his half brother,
Am I made your slave by the violence done
To the chastity of my grandmother?

Can one-fourth of my blood a slave make of me?
One your Courts bind you not to respect,
Still, three fourths of my blood declares I am free,
And your claims to my service reject.

My right [illegible] better,
Just as good as your right to your body or name,
A God giv'n right to the letter.

Now Shylock, if you your one pound can get
Without a drop of my blood, nor give pain,
Your slave code would allow you to take it, and yet,
My own right to myself I maintain.

You advertised me, let me advertise you,
That "JEHOVAH no attribute hath,"
"Can side with oppressors," His justice is due,
And man-stealers inherit his wrath.

LEWIS LEE.

Underground R. R., Jan. 22, 1860.

There were several slaves accompanying the gentleman from Tennessee and Kentucky, who visited us last week. They were permitted to pollute with their tread the immaculate soil of Ohio.—They touched this soil and their shackles did not fall. They touched the rotunda of our State Capitol, and the genius of Liberty did not appear in the shape of an officer with a a writ of *habeas corpus*. They crossed the Ohio that "Thread of silver," so eloquently described by Judge Storer, with their masters, and are to day in bonds, and all that sort of thing.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

The unmolested presence of these slaves in Columbus, at the Black Republican festival given by the Legislature of Ohio to the Legislatures of Kentucky and Tennessee, is one of the most curious incidents of the times. Heretofore, Chase & Co., have acted as if they felt it to be a sacred duty to aid in stealing from his master every slave who was caught within Ohio. But now all of a sudden, our Ohio Republicans have become so good natured and so fraternal, they not only feast the slaveholders themselves, but absolutely entertain their niggers as the guests of the State!—*Newark Advocate*.

Commend us to Charles O'Conor of New York! He states the issue fairly. He puts the defence of Slavery upon its only logical and honest basis—its *rightfulness*. John C. Calhoun did the same thing in his day, and he was the most respectable champion of the "institution" that ever combined statesmanship with Heaven defying audacity.—O'Conor says slavery is "just" "benificent," "humane" "and right." Honor to O'Conor, say we! "To this complexion must it come at last," and we are properly thankful for it. Slavery is either right or wrong. If right, it should be perpetuated—if wrong annihilated We trust the day of compromises is past—that we are not much longer to be cursed by the huckstering statesmanship which is constantly trying to outwit the Ruler of the world by "splitting the difference" between right and wrong—that, in short, Liberty and Slavery, are coming to the death-grapple in a clear field without disguise, and with no chance for 'quarter' on either side.—*True American*.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PECULIAR INSTITUTION.—Passing along Pine street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, yesterday about twelve o'clock, our attention was attracted to a crowd which stood on the south side, and being of the inquisitive order we resolved to see what was the matter. We ascertained the cause of the excitement to be as follows: A negro woman, aged about fifty years, and her two children, neither of whom were over twelve years of age—a boy and a girl—relics of a large family—had just been sold—the mother to one individual and the children to another, one of the purchasers living in this city and the other in the southern portion of the state. The mother was so grief-stricken at the idea of parting with her little ones that she kept firm hold of their hands, and with tears in her eyes absolutely refused to let them go from her. The children looked into their mother's face and burst out crying, when the latter affectionately kissed them both and told them to walk along with her. The man who had them in charge scarcely knew what to do under the circumstances, and finally accompanied the three unfortunates back to the place from which he started, and we did not learn how the matter was finally arranged.—*St. Louis Democrat*.

U. G. R. R. OPERATIONS.—The Underground Railroad is doing a paying business while the South in Congress is helping Helper. No less than than twenty-six passengers having safely passed over the Albany line, Stephen Myers, Superintendent, during the month of January. An Albany letter says "it would astonish some portion of the public amazingly to know the class of people who contribute regularly to the funds of the 'Underground'—such as staunch Democrats who swear by Mr. Buchanan, the Fugitive Slave law, and the Dred Scott dicta—but then, when they hand over their contribution to Stephen, they tell him to use it in sending slaves back to their kind masters, where they are sure they are much better off than in the frozen regions of the North

From the Liberator.

### PLYMOUTH CHURCH SUSTAINING THE AMERICAN BOARD.

Henry Ward Beecher has long had the credit (with those who are not abolitionists) of being an abolitionist. To those who really hold that ground, it has been very plain that he has never taken it. His occasional sharp hits against slavery, like his occasional sharp hits against orthodoxy, and for heterodoxy, shows merely what the combination of his internal feelings, with his external surroundings, put it into his head to utter at that moment, but whoever expects to hold him the next day, or the next week, to the position indicated by those utterances, will probably be disappointed. He is sentimentally opposed to slavery like every man of humane feelings and a sense of natural justice; and thus, when he speaks of it without bias from professional considerations, he is likely to speak against it; but, in the eyes of clergymen, the credit of the clerical body is more important than justice, more important than humanity; and in the great debate which has just [illegible] drawn, and cash withheld, from a body so Reverend, pious, and venerable as the American Board, merely because it was pro-slavery; whether, in short, the fruit of a Christian life, as well as the leaves of a high 'profession,' should be demanded of that much-professing Association; and whether, in failure of such fruits, the Plymouth church should say plainly, of and to the Board, that it was weighed in the balance and found wanting, and that, therefore, the stewardship which it had misused should be taken from it, and given to another.

The question whether the money raised by the Plymouth church for Foreign Missions should be entrusted, as heretofore, to the American Board, or given to some Association free from complicity with slavery, has been debated in that church, with intense earnestness, for a month past. When the close of this discussion approached, the friends of the Board in that church found themselves so hard pressed by the reformatory party, under the leadership of Mr. Theodore Tilton, that they sent for Mr. Beecher, their pastor, (who was fulfilling some lecturing engagements in Boston,) to come to their help; and he went at once for that purpose, breaking his engagement to preach at the Music Hall. Providentially, the gap thus made was filled, at the last moment, by a preacher equally eloquent and more Christian, Mr. Wendell Phillips, but many of the 28th Congregational Society were astonished to hear that it was to labor in defence of slavery that the eloquent Brooklyn preacher had broken his promise to them.

I have, from the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, and other sources, an account of the final meeting (Wednesday evening, 25th inst.) for the discussion of this subject, which was attended by two thousand persons.

Mr. Tilton had the floor, to reply to Mr. Beecher's argument on Monday evening; but Mr. Beecher interposed his request that expressions of applause and disapprobation might be refrained from, as unsuitable to the character of 'a church of Christ.'

Mr. Tilton bestowed high praise upon Mr. Beecher, as he is accustomed to do, but said he did not join in the opinion which seemed to be gaining ground, that a pastor could do no wrong. He called their attention to the fact that this Board was the representative of a combination of American churches, whose complicity with slavery was so direct and so extensive, that their ministers and church-members are now holding 600,000 human beings in bondage. He reminded them that the members of the Indian mission churches had always been allowed to hold slaves, and that their missionaries had always refused to direct church discipline against this sin, and yet that the Board had never even required the exclusion of slaveholders, still less dismissed the missionaries for so prostituting their office. He expressed his surprise that Mr. Beecher called the Board a 'venerable' institution, after such conduct as this; and that he would suffer its age and its reputatation for piety to counterbalance such direct violation of Christian duty. He wondered that Mr. Beecher should single out from praise that missionary who had declared it 'impossible to exercise discipline for the buying or selling of slaves.' He wondered yet more at Mr. Beecher's advocacy of the admission of slaveholders to church communion. Why not make the door of the church so narrow that a slaveholder could not enter it carrying a slave with him? And, as to the claim that the ownership in question was for the good of the slave, why not ask the slave himself to testify? It was impossible for a man to be either *unwillingly* a slaveholder, or *innocently* a slaveholder.

Mr. Beecher had repeatedly advocated the application of religion to politics in the pulpit! Why did he now uphold the missionaries and the Prudential Committee in refusing to make such an application in the Indian churches? Mr. Beecher's father and brother (standing in the minority in an Annual Meeting of the Board) had opposed the withdrawal of Dr. Blanchard's resolution condemning slavery! Would Mr. Beecher now sustain the Board in voting down that resolution? Did he not know that the 'South side View of Slavery' was every year re-elected a member of the Prudential Committee? Mr. Beecher claimed that the Board spread the Gospel! What kind of Gospel was it? He claimed, too, that the Board was gradually improving! If the improvement is so very gradual as not to encourage us to expect the needed amount of change in our life-time, why should we wait for it? It was said, too, that the Board had no control over the missionaries! Could they not cut off their supplies, and end their connection with them? But, instead of cutting off the Choctaw missionaries, and sending better ones, they had cut off the mission; and they still sustained the slaveholding Cherokee mission.

Mr. Tilton ventured to apply the *argumentum ad hominem* to his pastor, once to his language, and once to his action, and in each case with such pungent appropriateness as to call forth hearty applauses from the church, in spite of the pastoral prohibition. In regard to Mr Beecher's statement that 'in the Providence of God' he was absent from the earlier debates upon this subject, Mr. Tilton said he had supposed this absence to be 'under the extraordinary dispensation of $100 per night,' and that the ways of providence were indeed mysterious. Finally Mr. Tilton exhibited a Sharpe's rifle—one of twenty-five which had been subscribed for and sent to Kansas by this very church; under the fervent appeals of the pastor, and which had been used effectively against the border ruffians, this particular weapon having been three months in the hands of John Brown—and made an impressive appeal to Mr. Beecher, urging that, if the defence of freedom in Kansas needed the application of *such* means of resistance, he should at least send to the American Board, and to their Cherokee missionaries, some effective verbal protest, some energetic testimony against their continued complicity with the sin of slavery, and against the disgrace and corruption thence resulting to the Church.

If Mr. Beecher had kept within the bounds of truth in his reply to this speech, the impression [illegible] the vote of the church must have gone against the Board. If the report of his reply in the *Eagle* be correct he uttered repeated and flagrant violations of the truth, namely:

1. The only fault he found with Mr. Tilton's speech was, that 'it had nothing to do with the subject under discussion.' (!!)

2. The American Board had kept pace with the times, 'and now stands upon a Christian basis.'(!!)—[This is just what Dr. Pomeroy said in England.']

3. 'When the Choctaw missionaries refused to teach an Anti Slavery Gospel, the Board cut them off.' [Here three deceptive ideas are condensed into one short sentence.]

4. 'Now the Cherokee missionaries had promised to fulfil the instructions of the Board.'—[Here two deceptive ideas are condensed into one sentence.]

5. 'For the last fifteen years, the American Board had been progressing—had been drawing its hands tighter and tighter against the expediencies of slaveholding.' [The only progress the Board has made in regard to slaveholding has been in increasing the number of its hypocritical expedients to *seem* to be moving, while it stood still. It has never prohibited slaveholding either in its Choctaw or Cherokee churches.]

This long debate ended by the vote of a very large majority of the church to sustain the American Board. All the accounts agree in ascribing this vote to the personal influence of the pastor. If Mr. Beecher had supported Mr. Tilton, the vote would have been unanimous against the Board. As it was, the reformatory party gained everything but the vote. They diffused important intelligence upon the subject, of which the church, through the fault of its pastor, had till then remained ignorant. They made a strong moral impression, bringing out the facts which Mr. Beecher had smothered in silence, and showing the direct manner in which the Church, the ministry and the Board fortified the position of the mass of vulgar and cruel slaveholders. This impression was so strong and so pervading, that nothing less than the sophistical eloquence of the pastor, backed by the *prestige* of his station, and the magnetism of his personal influence, could have given the vote its final direction.

Mr. Beecher has had the opportunity, in this transaction, to do a work of immense importance towards the reformation of the Church and the overthrow of slavery. He has chosen not only to throw away this opportunity, but to turn his influence actively in an opposite direction. It is well, at least, that he has effectually dispelled the delusion of those who counted him an abolitionist.

Mr. Tilton and his friends have now their choice to make, between two modes of energetic protest and persistent labor against this unchristian attitude of the Plymouth church. Will they protest by withdrawal from the church, or by increased and concentrated effort within it? Surely they will not now shrink from the further duty that lies before them!

C. K. W.

MACAULAY'S LITERARY REMAINS.—It seems that the late Lord Macaulay has not left even a single additional volume of his "History of England" completed. It is said that his brother-in-law, Sir Charles Trevelyn will finish the work. His ability to do so worthily, is well vouched for.

## WENDELL PHILLIPS

At the recent meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, delivered a speech, the most of which will be found below.

* * * * * * * *

I wish to say a word in regard to some of those topics of the Anti-Slavery enterprise which have been touched upon in our meeting to-day. I do not myself augur such an immense increase of real anti-slavery feeling, much less action, from the large audiences and great attention that we get, of late years. I think there is a sort of æsthetic Anti-Slavery. Men come here—far more truly and emphatically go to the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn—as they would go to any other intellectual entertainment of a rare order. They have the good taste to know where they shall find the the finest material, and there they resort. The attendance of Ward Beecher's congregation does not prove that they have any interest in Anti-Slavery, or any design to lead an Anti-Slavery life. They want the most profound pathos, the most eloquent appeals, the most picturesque painting, the most moving language, the most natural manner, the deepest heart; and, of course, they take refuge from the iceberg of the New York *Observer* to melt in Plymouth Church. (Laughter.) But they don't go out from those walls with any design of doing an Anti-Slavery Act, and many go not out from these meetings with any such purpose. I am afraid that a large share of that attention is like that given to the Octoroon, or any other striking spectacle; for it is true, and it is not conceit in ourselves to recognise it, that the Anti-Slavery movement has realized that level, secured the public attention, has hold of those great national and religious problems which are the best food for any minds that seek to be fed. It is only saying that we are a decent people, in saying that, at least, men know where they will find the most interesting discussions in Anniversary Week.—I do not, therefore, augur so large an increase of Anti-Slavery feelings from these signs. Anti-Slavery meetings, interesting as they are from the quick retort, the keen encounter, the personal criticism, the living and vital interest of every-day questions, are not the points by which we are to test the growth of the cause. Go with me to the boarding-houses of Boston—those of the young men from twenty to thirty, married and unmarried, listen to the oft-repeated offensive term for the negro, which never ought to pass decent lips; listen to the perpetual insult, not indifference, but insult, to the Anti-Slavery movement; go up and down the walks of commerce, see how real is the hostility in view of the contingent loss of business; go anywhere in society, and see how utterly the prejudices against the black man rules in the heart of Anglo-Saxons—how ready every man is to find some excuse for his indifference or his antagonism, to lose himself in the cobweb of his excuses that any man can make up for doing nothing—excuses which would be tenable only here, which vanish in the atmosphere of any other nation than ours. I remember, for instance, a friend telling me that in Germany, a year or two ago, a very distinguished Professor of our country, learned and widely known, was attacked by a German Professor of the same standing who was anxious to know why he was not an Abolitionist. The American thought it was a good opportunity to air his American excuses. Accordingly, he entered into an elaborate account of the inter-weaving of National and State governments—how far Massa-[illegible] couldn't abolish slavery there—how our fathers made a Constitution—how it was a very delicate question—the seven years war—the patriarchal institution—Mr Webster—Mr. Chote, and so forth. And after he had made a very large chapter, he turned to his friend and said: "I suppose you see, now, how I stand, and how real our isolation and the impossiblity of any action at the north on the subject of Anti-Slavery. I suppose what I have said is sufficient." The German took his pipe out of his mouth, and said—"It ish very shlim!" (Laughter.) It was, indeed, very slim. The excuses vanished like thin air. They didn't get a hold: they didn't lodge a moment in the clear intellect and moral light of the European.

Now, in our country, we have got, with our Anti-Slavery enterprise, eight million of hearts and heads to deal with. Men say we are fanatics. If by fanaticism is meant that we are a class of men, large or small, who lay down rigid rules of right and wrong, who hew to the line, no matter how many chips fly in our faces, who set up the standard of absolute justice, we do just that—we put our feet down on the eternal granite of God's Right and Wrong. Well, of course, it stirs a nation seeking to hide truth from their eyes, and make money, and earn bread, by compromising with justice, selling their neighbor at auction. To be sure, that stirs up all the bad and selfish passions. They say, when you fire a gun over placid water, if there is a dead body below, it shows itself. John Brown's rifle brought up all the dead bodies—making Caleb Cushing and Everett show themselves bobbing up to the surface. (Great merriment.) When you approach this sort of truth, you must expect a great uprising of what may be considered the dead and monstrous elements of society, arranging themselves in antagonism against us.

What has been our history? We have begun and carried on the Anti-Slavery agitation. We pledged ourselves to use none but peaceable and Constitutional methods. Now, when across the distance of half a dozen States, we recognize the martyr saint of Harper's Ferry, men charge us of having deserted our principles. Not in the least. What have we been endeavoring to do? We have been trying to bring every earnest soul into a pledge against slavery. We never supposed that we should convert every man to our method.—We only said, and mean to say, "Here is the American people—there is the Gibaralter of slavery; we need everything we can get to take it—we mean to rouse everything we can get to the assault." The public opinion that we mean to create is this,—it shall convince every man so unalterably of the essential sin and the momentous evil of the slave system, that we shall say that before it neither human life, nor religious institutions, nor old parchments, nor parties, are of any value whatever. We said and we mean to be understood, that we would create such a public opinion against slavery, that the Christian would come out and throw upon the altar his Presbyterianism, his Congregationalism, his Methodism—yes, his Church—at the risk of being called an infidel.—*We* had no church to throw. We meant, and expected, also, that the man who had rifles would bring them to the altar; and all that I, for one, mean in my pledge to peaceful and Constitutional methods was that, while I believed in types and not in bullets, in brains and not in muskets, in civilization and not in a camp, I stood here to prepare a public opinion that would hold up the man whose heart but [illegible] I think a lower level of [illegible], but in some respects, far the lowest of more efficient one. (Applause.) I am contented, in part, and for the present, if I may prepare material for John Brown, and induce millions to cry out Amen to the first echo of his rifles, and that is all that the Anti-Slavery movement has ever intended or professed to do.

But I charge it upon Republicanism itself that any man has found it necessary to have recourse to rifles. What says the candidate for the Speakership of the United States House of Representatives? He says, 'I say this charge of interference with slavery in the States is unfounded. The people of Ohio, the State which I have the honor to represent in part, do not wish or design to interfere with the relations existing between the races in the Slave States. If I had my voice, I would not have one single political Abolitionist in the Northern States. I am opposed to any interference, by the Northern people, with slavery in the Slave States. I act with the Republican party simply because the Republican party resists the extension, but does not seek the abolition, of slavery.' Now, Mr. Chairman, for twenty years certain parties have made the heart of the Northern people ache to abolish slavery. Certain parties have stirred up these States till the heart of every thoughtful man longs to see the slave go free. The Saxon race, left to itself, finds vent through the ballot-box; but close up the ballot box, and it loads the rifle. (Cheers.) The Republican party should write on its banner, '*Abolition of Slavery.*' What if John Sherman and Henry Wilson should avow that the political movement of the Northern States seeks the freedom of every slave, through the Constitution—or over it? For the Constitution was not written by Gabriel, nor nailed to the throne of the Almighty—it is a parchment which man made, and man can amend, and there is no reason in the world why there should not be a party with the purpose avowed from the outset, to abolish slavery in the States aye, and to change the Constitution of the United States, if necessary. There is a party in England which seeks to put down Bishops; there is a party in England that seeks to overthrow the Aristocracy of the British Government. Why should not a party here avow the purpose to tear out the red stripe of blood in the Constitution of the United States? No reason in the world, except the timidity of men that want to have office in five years, instead of fifteen. Now, if you will give the country a party, religious and political, that writes on its banner, '*Every slave ought to be free, and we pledge ourselves, life-long, to the effort to make him so,*' you will unload every musket, you will disarm every physical rebellionist.

I do not believe slavery will go down in blood. There is not blood enough in the thirty-one states to steep it in. We are not a fighting people. Our brains have got beyond it, North and South. We are beyond it, and I should be ashamed if we were not. If, two hundred years ago, this country was planted on a system of education and individual interest in government, and in two hundred years we have not reached that length where war is impossible as a method of reform, I should despond of the schoolhouse and the church. I believe that neither in the North nor in the South is there any such element as will abolish slavery in blood. The Yankees will not fight. It won't pay. You have to convince the North that Slavery is unprofitable before she will get upon her feet and put it down. Let me show New England that it touches their pockets, and they will rise. Show that it is profitable to put slavery down and maintain it. Every thinking man sees that in Kansas and Harper's Ferry. The moment the North Resisted in Kansas, the South backed out. The moment Pottawattomie wrote in the blood of the oldest ruffian the purpose of the North to clean out his musket and use it, as he had done eighty years before, the Border Ruffians went back from the line. They came there to find out if Yankee pedlers would fight; they found they would, and they said, 'Good morning, gentlemen, we are done with you.' The same thing would be true on the broad surface of the Union. The same was true at Harper's Ferry. Virginia was not ready to fight for the slave system. She never will fight for it; but it is not lack of courage that makes her unwilling to fight. She knows that the system is not defensible. She knows that when the north announces its purpose that slavery shall cease, it must cease. She knows as well as you do that when she cries *Union*, she only means robbery. I remember that, when I was a little boy, we went out on a Fourth of July, another boy and I, to Boston Common, where they sold us things that were good to eat—you remember Mr. Chairman. My companion said, 'how much have you got?' I said, 'Twenty-five cents. How much have you?' 'I've got nine-pence.' 'Well said he, 'suppose we divide.' (Laughter.) That is exactly the case with the South. The North has twenty-five cents, the South nine-pence; and she proposes an equal division. (Renewed laughter and applause.) She knows it to-day—she has always known it—that when she cries *Disunion*, she is frightened at her own words. She is not drunk enough, either with pride or the prosperity of the slave system, to believe in disunion. There is a story told of a couple of sons of Green Erin, who were at the bottom of a building that was about being finished; the scaffolding, three stories high, was about to be removed; and the tall man bet with the little one that he couldn't carry him, in his hod, to the top of the house. They bet a dollar; and the little man took his comrade in his hod, labored up the first scaffold, the second, then the third, and, with heavy tread, making his way from round to round of the ladder, reached the topmost ridge and pitched him on. 'Now, give me your dollar.' 'Och, and by the powers, I was hoping you would drop me, the last two or three rungs!' (Great merriment.)

It is exactly so with the South. If she supposed she could be dropped from the Union, she would be like the fellow in the hod. She would be dropped into endless, invisible and abysmal depths, beyond the recognition of the nineteenth century. She doesn't want it. She never means to have it. It will never come in that way. I doubt if it will ever come by the offer of dissolution.

No; the state of our Northern mind is just this The Anti-Slavery movement has stirred it to its very depths. Made up of religious, literary appeal—made up of the fugitive slave travelling through all our borders—made up of the treason of great men, like Webster, going down to his grave cursed by one half and lamented by the other half of the Union. When such a man as Ward Beecher goes back to his pulpit, and falls into the ranks of the apologists of corrupt ecclesiastical machinery, there is a natural rebound of the thousands that trusted him. He will make many a man a come-outer who trusted that, hanging to his skirts, he might still cry, 'I am a church member; for, is not Beecher an Abolitionist?' Such a man is flung out of the church; he cannot hide himself behind Plymouth Church from the rebukes of the Garrisonians; and he will be a come-outer. So, when a great politician falls, it makes Abolitionists. We dig men out of the mire into which Daniel Webster plunged them, and set them up on the feet their mothers gave them. This process has been going on for years. John Brown is a part of it, Kansas is a part of it. If the great Republican party had said to Kansas, 'No use for your rifles; we will protect you on the floor of the United States Senate; there shall not a man dare to touch a hair of the head of a dweller in the loneliest shanty in Kansas, that the arm of the Union shall not be stretched out efficiently to protect him,' there never would have been war in Kansas; there never would have been any border forays. Do you suppose that the South can rise up and send out, by hundreds, our merchants, our travelers, our residents, guilty of nothing but a Northern dialect, and, although that craven United States Senate dare not call for the execution of this United States Constitution, which we are called upon to laud every hour of our lives, do you suppose it is forgotten in the records of the Northern people? No. Every one of these men has a circle, and that circle are Garrisonians. One of the young and gallant men of our city, rich, patriotic, brave, ardent said to me: 'I carried a musket down State street when Anthony Burns was carried shamefully back to slavery. Two months after, my own brother, hopelessly ill of consumption, was obliged to skulk through Georgia and the Carolinas in a baggage car, for fear his name, from Boston should be known, and even the last relics of the strength which disease had left him be taken by tarring and feathering; and that is the last musket that I shall ever raise for the Union of our thirty slave States.' (Applause.) That conviction to which this young Boston member of our holiday troops came, every circle of these banished men came to throughout the Union. If you do not give them the ballot-box, they will take the rifle; if you do not give them the Anti-Slavery movement, they will tear the Church to pieces.

Men talk of abolishing that movement. Abolish it! You should have heard Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Salem, the other night. 'Men talk,' said he, 'of destroying John Brown; I think the Almighty created mercy as the foe of despots; and I somewhat doubt whether Virginia can annihilate mercy. (Applause.) 'Oh, no,' he continued, rising into still finer voice, 'that oldest Abolitionist of you all, who piled the Shenandoah mountains, whose first name was Love, and his other name Justice—I think He existed before John Brown, and will probably survive him.' (Renewed applause.) I think he will. And unless you give this principle channels, it will tear the Union, Church and State, asunder. While you have a slaveholder in the presidential chair, while you have cowards in the United States Senate, you you will have John Browns at Harper's Ferry. And he is not the last of them. You cannot control it. You must give it channels. Let me borrow again from Emerson. He told us, on this very platform, two years since, that, two hundred years ago, men said there is a devil in every teakettle; if you do not let him out, he will tear the house to pieces, and make an earthquake throughout the city. So men made a hole in the lid, and the devil's steam came pouring out from every kettle. By-and-bye came a thrifty genius, and he said, 'Why waste this devil? make him a groove—let him move in safe channels'; and the Cunarder came across the ocean, the locomotives wedded States together in a day. So men said, [illegible] down in the heart of these ignorant millions; keep him quiet; put a Bank on him, then a Throne, then a Pope. By-and-bye came a thrifty man, and said, 'Give him channels, give him the press and the ballot-box;' and he takes up the world, and carries it along as it has never gone before.

So this anti slavery movement is seeking to find channels for this anti-slavery purpose to move in. Give us the ballot-box; give us a political movement in which the self-respect of men can allow them to operate; give us a Church that represents not rascals, but Christians; give us a press that will afford expression to the ultimate wish and the entire heart of the American people; and we shall not be clumsy enough to go back to the rude, vulgar, awkward system of two hundred years ago; we have got a better. We shall abolish slavery in the swift purpose of eighteen million of thoughtful ingenious Yankee hearts. And until you do it, the land will shake with constant convulsion. Virginia will in vain banish Helper. She will in vain fight against the multiplication table—for Helper's book is nothing but the multiplication table printed two hundred times over. Mr. Garrison said that when the Southerners fought against Helper, they were fighting against the multiplication table. Two and two make four—two and two make twenty-two. John Brown and his associates went down to Harper's Ferry, and made a good deal of the multiplication table. Oh, no, the South understands this question fully as well as we do. She does not need enlightenment, as the North does. The reason why we criticise, as Mr. Martin excepts to our doings, the religious and political machinery of our country, is because we mean to have both. We mean to have a party outside and above the Constitution, that writes *Liberty* on its banners, and the use of all means that God and nature put into our hands to achieve it. We mean to have a Church that reads the Sermon on the Mount, and endeavors to practice it, knowing no races, no castes, no conditions, but believing, with the Declaration of Independence, that all men are created equal. And until we gain those two channels of natural, legitimate, usual Saxon work, the land will shake with that outside agitation—the bees rushing to and fro, until the queen bee is found—the nations striking and clashing against each other like frigates in a storm, until the battle is fixed, and the thunder begins to rattle from one side to the other of the marshalled hosts. (Applause.) We are coming to that period. The South sees her danger in Harper's Ferry. She knows that the ground-tier is reached; she knows that the whole mass of Northern mind is, at last, roused to the trial. I rejoice in insurrection for that very reason—not that it will ever achieve emancipation, not that the negro will ever be competent to an organization of arms that shall defeat this Federal Government; but the moment the Carolinians know that the spirit of insurrection—in other words, the manhood of the slave—is so awake that they must remain in perpetual conflict in order to keep the slave quiet, that moment they part from the system. The thunder clouds are on either side of the heavens. The manhood of the slave is the black, overhanging heavens of the Carolinas. The roused religious conscience of the North is the other cloud, such as, in Milton's picture, overhangs the Caspian. John Brown came near being the electric spark that was to melt them together. Another such may come; and, in the conflict, the Bastile which we have attacked for half a century will come down in an hour. (Applause.) It will not go down by resistance on the part of the North; but by resistance on the part of the slave; no, it will go down by Virginia, at the door of the United States treasury; saying, 'Harper's Ferry is too real a danger; how much will you pay me to be honest? (Laughter.) I have found John Brown three times; save me from the fourth, and give me compensation.'

That might have been saved to the honor of our nation, if a heart had been seated in the United States Senate. If those black brows, buried at Marshfield, had had within one tithe of that Puritanism which went with the saint of Harper's Ferry, he might have hurled a thunderbolt from his high place in the State, which would have saved the inroad upon Virginia. The hour has passed away. Our government has not held together; the ship, which we fondly thought was so well built that it would ride on the tempest, has parted. Mere discussion has not been sufficient to put down an enormous wickedness, as it was in Great Britain. A corrupt and burdened monarchy did more than a Republic, fresh from its cradle; for the aristocracy of Great Britain, with its debt and its Church, its nobles and its ignorant masses, bore up the discussion of a quarter of a century, and on the hearts of Christian men, as the result of moral agitation, wrought out the decree of immediate and unconditional emancipation. Our government, that we thought so much better in the strength of its youth, in the flush of its theoretic progress, with universal suffrage, with a Protestant Church, with an equal people, has proved unequal to the discussion, and we have sunk down to the level of insurrection and rifles, blood on the plains of Kansas, and the ballot-box superseded by the camp. But there is a conservative power sufficient, still, I believe, in the eighteen millions, to drag back the maddened people to the place that becomes them in the history of nations; and we shall yet see slavery come down by the submission of thirteen States, to the avowed and firm purpose of the Christian, aroused North. I do not believe, therefore, that our enterprise is changing in the least. It is merely passing through a new phase of its existence. We thought the evil less rooted: we supposed that it lay upon the surface, whereas it has struck its roots through the strata of a million customs; to loosen it puts at hazard Church and State alike. But we have almost brought the American people to that decision which says, 'Government or no government, law or no law, let slavery come down! (Cheers.) Whether he broke law or violated government, God bless John Brown!' (Renewed cheers.) So says the American heart in the Northern States. The American head will soon follow; the American hand will soon begin its work, in obedience to that heart and head; and we shall see slavery the victim of its agitation, the victim of pure politics and a Christian Church. The system may be strangled, and this government, for aught I know, survive; if not in its present form, at least the fragments will come together and crystallize round a purer and better centre than our fathers ever could have commanded, had they tried.

## WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

[A correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post* thus notices the proceedings of the recent State Woman's Rights Convention at Albany.]

ALBANY, February 4, 1860.

The National Woman's Rights Convention is now in session in this city, at the Hall of the Young Men's Association. A large number of members were present yesterday, among them Senators Fiero, Warner, Sessions, Lapham, Montgomery, and Assemblymen McVean, Mather, Bennett, Savage, Powell, Slingerland, Hough, Regan, Pelton, Jeffords, P. Clark, Payne, Van Horne, Palmer, and other good-looking young men. The attendance was large.

The speakers were Wendell Phillips, Jane Elizabeth Jones, Antoinette L. Brown Blackwell and Frances L. Gage. Mrs. Jones' remarks were the most logical. Her points were clearly stated, deductions distinctly presented, and she insisted that women could not be hanged or taxed consistently with the constitution, so long as they had no vote, voice, or even assent to give to the laws.

Mrs. Blackwell's appearance was greeted with applause. She opened her remarks by saying that if men should be subjected to the same indignities and disabilities as women are they would be indignant; and that was just the way she felt. They would not rest contented till they had obtained a repeal of the odious laws, &c., and neither would she. If women were the equals of men, they were entitled to the same civil rights and privileges; if they were distinct—another class of beings—certainly they should have a voice in legislation. It might be right to hang men, because they enacted and assented to the law, but to hang women, who had no voice, who had received no trial by a jury of their peers, was manifestly murder. She also commented upon the fact that two persons, a brother and sister, equally well educated, and making their way through the world, would exhibit a striking disparity. The man would have made a remarkable advance in energy and intellectual power, while the women, not having had occasion to employ her talents, will have receded and made less attainment.

Mr. Phillips, in his remarks, pursued these ideas of Mrs. Blackwell. A man would marry a woman his equal, and would become great, strong and gifted, so that people would praise and admire him, and depreciate the wife at his side; and sometimes such a man would himself adopt the same idea, and, weaning his affections from her who had helped make his greatness, would seek for some "affinity." There were two vices which were threatening to engulf our people, intemperance and prostitution; the former the vice of northern barbarism, now furthered by scientific invention, and the latter an importation from the harem. Our people needed intellectual stimulus to drive the sensual principle from their minds, and none more so than women. Unless this was allowed, and they had the permission to earn their own bread respectably, they must sink in this vice and become the destroyers of our young men. Our customs made them such. Legislation and preaching could not avert the dire calamity—it could only be done by giving women the right to labor and to win.

The case of Mr. Norton, who, many years since, perpetrated a malignant slander against his wife, and had repeatedly since that taken from her booksellers regularly the proceeds of her literary labors, was cited as in point to show the necessity of the passage of a law allowing married women the control over their own earnings.

There have been such bills introduced into each branch of the legislature, and one of them will probably become a law.

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John Brown will tramp the shaking earth,
From the Blue Ridge to the sea,
Till Liberty shall come at last,
And ope each dungeon door,
And God's 'Great Charter' holds and moves
O'er all his humble poor.

## THE BILL TO PREVENT SLAVE-HOLDING &c., IN OHIO.

It is fortunate that the bill now before the Legislature, to prevent slave holding and kidnapping in Ohio, did not meet the eyes of any of our recent State guests—the members of our Kentucky and Tennessee Legislatures—when on their late visit to Columbus. When the guests of the State were in the Hall of the House, this bill was, and it is now, on the tables of members, and the first section of it, had the same been enacted into a law, would have operated severely on several of the gentlemen who were then here upon the invitation of our Legislature to partake of the hospitality of the State. That section contains this provision—"that if any person shall bring into the State any other person, with intent to hold or control, or shall aid and assist in holding or controlling, directly or indirectly, within this State, any other person as a slave, such person so offending shall be deemed guilty of false imprisonment, and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by imprisonment, in the county jail, not less than three nor more than nine months, and by fine not less than two hundred nor more than five hundred dollars; and every person coming into this State otherwise than as a person held to service in another State under the laws thereof, and escaping into this State, shall be deemed and held in all courts as absolutely free." Had this Republican measure been enacted into a law, such of the guests (and there was a number of them) as brought their servants with them, instead of drinking sparkling Catawba and making Union speeches, might have been assigned quarters in the jail of the county and undergone the punishment this bill inflicts, and lost their negroes into the bargain! It is surprising that a legislature harboring the idea of passing such a law, should invite slaveholders to a banquet; and the members thereof drink bumper about with their guests, until between them, numbering not more than three hundred men, some thousand bottles of champaign were in a couple of hours imbibed to the Union and the equality and fraternity of the States! If this law be now passed, after all that has happened, the Republican Legislature of Ohio will stand before the country as the most perfect sample of gross inconsistency and dishonesty on record. What shall be done with the bill? Will the Senator from Lorain answer.—*Statesman.*

From the Galveston (Texas) News.

## A NEGRO MINSTREL SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

An affidavit was yesterday made before Justice W. P. Griffiths, by Deputy Sheriff Hudgins, that a free negro had come into this State, contrary to our laws, calling himself Joseph Vincent Suarez, and passing himself for a white man. Thereupon said Suarez was brought before Justice Truehart, and upon examination by doctors Friedmont and Banks, they stated on oath as medical men, that said Suarez was a person of color, and had over one-eighth African blood. It being proven to the satisfaction of the Court that he was such a person of color as is prohibited by our laws from coming within the limits of the State. it was therefore ordered that the Sheriff take the said Suarez in charge, and hire him for the term of six months to the highest bidder, at the Court House of the county, giving notice of the hiring by advertisement, posted up at two or more pub-[illegible] proceeds of the hire of a free person of color thus coming into our State, as proven, in this case, shall be collected by the Sheriff, and after deducting expenses, the remainder shall be paid over to said person of color to enable him to leave the state, and that the Sheriff shall notify him to leave within thirty days. Should he fail to leave the state as required, the Sheriff is directed to arrest him again, to be hired again at public outcry for cash, for a term of five years, &c. It is proper to remark that this Suarez came to this city as a negro minstrel, and he has, therefore, the merit of passing himself off in his professional character for precisely what he is.

## PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL IN NEW YORK.

[We find the following notice of the character of a bill introduced into the Legislature at Albany.]

It is intended to meet the constitutional objections of the usual bills of that character. The first section disavows all laws of Congress exercising powers not conferred by the federal constitution upon that body, nor prohibited by it to the states or the people. The second section forbids all exercise of judicial powers by other than Judges of the Supreme Court, and of such other inferior courts as Congress shall from time to time by law establish. The third requires in case of claim of service due from persons alleged to be held to service or labor by the laws of another state, coming to this state under circumstances which do not exonerate them from such service or labor, that the claimant shall prove that the alleged fugitive owes him service or labor by the express statute laws of such other state. No act, record, or other judicial proceeding in the court of any other state shall be taken in evidence, except the defendant shall have been by due process of law a party to such act, record, or proceeding. The right to *habeas corpus* and trial by jury are affirmed; and all persons violating this law are declared guilty of kidnapping, and made liable to all its pains and penalties. All sheriffs, constables, policemen, &c., taking part in these proceedings forfeit office.

## ACT IT OUT.

The following declaration of sentiment was adopted by a Christian Anti-Slavery Society recently formed at Pittsburgh. How many churches are willing to prove they believe it?

I. The rights of man, as men, sacred and inalienable, without distinction of blood or races.

II. Property in man impossible, as being without grant from the Creator, and equally contrary to natural justice and to revealed religion.

III. The system of American slavery and the practice of slave-holding essentially sinful and anti-Christian, and to be dealt with, therefore, as such, by Christian churches and ministers.

IV. The utter inadequacy and utter impossibility of any remedy for or relief from slavery, but one that insists upon its inherent wrongfulness, its total intrinsic badness, and denies absolutely the wild and guilty fantasy that man can have property in man.

V. The duty of one family or section of the Christian Church to rebuke and refuse fellowship to another section of the visible church, that denies the rights of man and the common brotherhood of humanity, by defending slavery and folding to its bosom slave-callers, slave-buyers and slave-holders.

VI. No compromise with slavery allowable, but its total extinction to be demanded at once, in the name of God, who has commanded 'to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that you break every yoke.'

VII. The total abolition of the vast system of American slavery to be accepted as a special providential mission and duty of the American clergy and the American churches of this generation.

VIII. The Church and the Ministry to form the conscience of the nation in respect to slavery, and to make it loyal to the law of God, against all unjust judgments of Courts, and unrighteous legislation of Congress.

IX. The Word of God our charter for freedom and our armory against slavery; and any assertion that the Lord God sanctions slavery practical infidelity.

X. Ultimate success sure, in the warfare with oppression, to a faithful Ministry and witnessing Church.

# The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

"PROVIDENCE HAS MADE ME AN ACTOR, AND SLAVERY AN OUTLAW."—*John Brown of Ossawatomie.*

SALEM, OHIO, FEBRUARY 18, 1860.

## A CONVERSION.

In a report of the proceedings of the late meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. S. Society, is the following passage:—

"Stephen S. Foster of Worcester said he had recently been studying the Constitution of the United States;—he had never before given it a thorough examination—and his views of it had undergone a great change. He was now convinced that the Constitution is an Anti-Slavery instrument, and the views to which he had arrived had met the entire concurrence, in regard to their legal correctness, of some of the ablest lawyers in the city of Worcester. Hence he desired to organize an Anti-Slavery Political Party, to carry out and enforce this interpretation of the Constitution."

We should have noticed the above last week, only for the fact that not unfrequently within the last two or three years, our friend Foster has complained of being misunderstood and consequently misrepresented in some of his public speeches. We felt that such was probably the case in the above, for it placed the speaker in such an absurd position, that it was not until we had the most positive assurance from a reliable source that it was no misrepresentation, that we were willing to receive it as correct. And even with this assurance we are utterly unable to understand how such a man as Stephen S. Foster could have lectured for almost a score of years, assuming that the Constitution, and the Union, which legitimately springs from it, to be pro-slavery in theory and in practice, when he had not even "given the Constitution a thorough examination." As there has never been before, so we trust there will never be again a Disunion anti-slavery lecturer who will press upon his auditors the guilt of their compromise under the Constitution; urging a dissolution of the Union as the only means by which they could individually wash their hands in innocency, and release themselves from the political support of slavery, and after having taught this doctrine for twenty years, turn around and coolly say, "I never gave the Constitution a thorough examination."

A change of opinion is not to be reprehended, let it come when and how it may; but it seems hardly right for a speaker to publicly advocate measures year after year, without having first satisfied himself by a thorough examination of the character of the foundation upon which he built.

It seems very strange to us, and very unlike the Stephen S. Foster we used to know, to have him fortify himself in his change of views, by the declaration that the legal correctness of his opinions was "endorsed by some of the ablest lawyers in the city of Worcester." If the question of the character of the Constitution is to be determined by the counting of lawyers' noses, and the weighing of their ability, it is most unquestionably a pro-slavery document, "some of the ablest lawyers in the city of Worcester" to the contrary notwithstanding.

We should like to recommend to our friend the investigation of a portion of the Constitution to which it is possible his recent examination has not yet extended, and concerning which we have never known any other than the one interpretation. We refer to that clause which constitutes the Supreme Court of the U. S. the final arbitrator and adjudicator of all questions arising as to the constitutionality of State and National laws—which makes it the expounder of the intent and meaning of the instrument. While Stephen S. Foster and Charles O'Connor are agreed in relation to this clause, and while the records of the U. S. Court prove that it has decided the Constitution to be pro-slavery, all arguments as to its anti-slavery character are practically as worthless as waste paper; and we have not yet met with any argument by which the clause referred to was sought to be evaded, that reached in dignity to the character of a respectable quibble.

We have never believed that the theory of the anti slavery character of the Constitution grew out of an honorable and candid desire to correctly ascertain the relation of its supporters to slavery, but was referable to a determination upon the part of certain abolitionists to continue the exercise of the elective franchise, and then, by torture of sentences and quibbling upon words, to justify themselves to their consciences and the world as best they could.

Our friend has been laboring for years—and with the most entire unsuccess—to form a Disunion political party under a pro-slavery Constitution. No one questioned his sincerity; and his earnestness of purpose was manifest to all. He believed that such a movement would be a combination of political with moral power; and that if a candidate of such party was elected to office, his refusal to swear to support a pro-slavery Constitution, would be a political, as well as a moral testimony of great weight. But in this measure, as we have already intimated, he utterly failed. Whether he will succeed any better in drawing to him in his present position enough to any so, is questionable. From his remarks as reported, we infer that he ignores the existence of the Gerrit Smith party, as his desire is not to go to it, and take others there, but to organize a party himself to carry out his views.

As to the rationality and feasibility of his present views as compared with those he developed in his project of a Disunion political party, we are unable to perceive but little, if any, difference. Both are unsound, and both impracticable. As of [illegible] very strength and power; [illegible] the other continues to do the same. And as in the past we have regarded Stephen S. Foster as a zealous, devoted, and conscientious laborer in the anti-slavery field, even while enforcing his project of a Disunion political party, so do we expect to continue to regard him, even while urging the Constitution as an anti-slavery instrumentality. And we trust he will be a thorn in the side of every man—and there are thousands of them—who in justification of their voting say the Constitution is anti-slavery, and then cast their ballots and elect to office men who believe it to be pro-slavery, and as such, swear to maintain and defend it.

## REDPATH'S LIFE OF BROWN.

Our notice of this work was unavoidably crowded out last week. The volume is divided into four parts. In the first, we have the early history of the man, including a brief autobiography, which is highly interesting, giving as it does, the key-note of his character. Book second is a record of his experience in Kansas, detailing as well the many sufferings of himself and his companions, as the victories they achieved while defending their own rights and seeking to restore the rights of others. The third part is a gradual unfolding of his movements preliminary to the attack on Harper's Ferry, and concludes with the narration of his capture, and imprisonment in Charlestown.—Book fourth contains a history of his examination, trial, and execution, and the letters written by him during his captivity, as well as some that he received at that time.

The time allotted for the preparation of his biography was very brief, and this fact should be born in mind by those who *criticise* it. Though containing much, very much of interest, and written by one who speaks the truth without fear or favor, yet we honestly confess to experiencing a feeling of disappointment upon perusing it, owing less, perhaps, to the deficiencies of the work, than to the unreasonableness of our anticipations. But whatever real or fancied deficiencies may be found in the volume, we would not willingly be without a copy for any consideration. Its circulation cannot other than deepen and intensify the existing anti-slavery feeling, by keeping alive the remembrance of the hero-martyr of '59. Mr. Redpath, in his preface, states that he was applied to by a New York publisher to prepare a biography of John Brown for a Republican campaign document, but he refused, and gives as his reason, "*I would not help to light cigars from the fire above the altar.*" The family of John Brown receive from the publishers a considerable portion of the profits on each volume; Messrs Thayer & Eldridge having already paid them $1000 on account. The work is handsomely got up, and contains a fine engraving of the old man, but without the beard which he wears in his recent photograph. Mr. Redpath has dedicated his book, "To Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Henry D. Thoreau, Defenders of the faithful, who when the mob shouted "madman," said "SAINT.""

## CLOSE ACTION.

It is related that when the fleet of Nelson was bearing down upon the enemy at the mouth of the Nile, his lordship asked the signal maker, "What signal have you flying?" "*Close Action, my lord,*" was the reply. "Keep it so to the last," said Nelson.

Close action is the only safe and efficient action. It is the only action which really developes a man's principles and commits him unmistakably to the one side or the other. Henry Ward Beecher has spoken many great and noble words in behalf of liberty, and the *Independent*—the paper with which he is connected—had come to be regarded by some as an anti-slavery journal, furnishing all the food that is really needed by a hater of slavery. And yet, year after year has the Western Anti Slavery Society felt constrained to utter its condemnation of such men as Henry Ward Beecher, and such papers as the *N. Y. Independent*, protesting against either the press or the preacher being received as an exponent of anti-slavery, regarding them rather as hindrances than helps in the great contest between slavery and freedom. And why? Because neither dared to come to close action with the monster, dared to grapple it by the throat, and fight to the end for victory or death. We believe that the great mass of those who claim to be abolitionists, and who seem to fight slavery at a distance, would if brought into close action, go over to the enemy as did Henry Ward Beecher in the Plymouth church controversy, for their opposition to slavery is not based upon principle, but is merely a sentimental feeling that readily yields to the pressure of Sect or Party.

As Henry Ward Beecher was disposed to defend and sustain the American Board—one of the most influential pro-slavery organizations that has ever cursed the land—we are glad that an opportunity has been offered him for the expression of his sentiments, even although while the signal for close action was flying, he poured his shot, not into the disguised piratical craft with the mission flag flying at her mast head, but into the anti-slavery gun boats which had come up to cripple her. Such a manifestation of pro-slavery feeling and action as that recently developed in Mr. Beecher, will, we trust, open the eyes of some who have looked to him recently, if not as the god of their idolatry, yet as the High Priest of their anti-slavery religion. We hope that such exhibitions will teach them to trust the anti-slavery of no man who has not proved himself in close action, to be a practical abolitionist—one in principle, and not merely in sentimentality, one from heart-felt conviction, and not from temporary and spasmodic influences.

"Some of the Southern papers are reporting a touching story about a neglected daughter of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child. The story is bogus, as Mrs. Child never had a daughter or son. She wrote 'the Mother's Book,' but never was a mother, is the author of 'The Family Nurse,' but never had a family."

The showman who exhibited the identical horse which King Richard wished *for*, and offered his kingdom in exchange, had better add the "neglected daughter" to his collection of curiosities.

It is stated that Gov. Dennison of Ohio refused to surrender John Brown, who has been demanded as a witness before the Senate Investigating Committee. [*Fredrick Douglass' Paper.*

Seeing that Gov. Dennison has no authority to surrender other than "fugitives from justice," he did not refuse to surrender John Brown jr. as a witness, for no demand has been made.

STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—A general Temperance Convention for the State of Ohio, will assemble at Columbus, on Wednesday, the 14th of March next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Neal Dow, S. F. Carey, and E. C. Delevan are announced as among the expected speakers.

## WM. H. FOLGER.

The late popular host of the Prentiss House, Ravenna, is about to make Salem his future place of residence. The Broadway block is to be converted as speedily as possible into a hotel; and when it is taken possession of by "mine host," Salem will be able to boast of a public house which travelers can universally commend as one of the best kept, and most reliable *Temperance* Hotels they ever stopped at.

Mr. Folger's admirable management won for himself and for the PRENTISS HOUSE of Ravenna a well deserved popularity; and we predict that before the close of the present year, the FOLGER HOUSE of Salem will attain a no less enviable reputation.

## MEETING AT TOWN HALL.

On Sunday next, at 2½ o'clock in the afternoon and at 7 o'clock in the evening, anti-slavery meetings will be held in the Town Hall, Salem, which all are invited to attend, and participate in.

HENRY C. WRIGHT will offer the following propositions for discussion:—

Have slaveholders, *as such*, any rights?

Do slaves, *as such*, owe any duties to their enslavers?

Is it a right and duty to invade the slave states to free the slaves, and annihilate the power that enslaves them?

## PETITIONS! PETITIONS!

Those persons who have in their possession copies of the petition for a Personal Liberty Bill, had better forward them without delay to the Legislature.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY recently held in Boston, was a decided success. The contributions, including those from abroad, amounting to about $6,000.

HAZLETT has been convicted of murder in the first degree. This conviction closes the judicial proceedings of Virginia in the Harper's Ferry case, unless—which is not likely—she can lay her hands upon those now at liberty.

RICHARD REALF, we see, has been lecturing at Cleveland, and gives the proceeds to the John Brown fund. His present position is one not readily understood, and the curious must wait for further developments.

THE HARMONIA SOCIETY will give another concert on Wednesday evening, the 22nd, inst. We hope our citizens will furnish a full house. Admission 15 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'clock, performance to commence at 7½.

FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW IN NEW JERSEY.—It is a curious fact, not generally known, that New Jersey has a fugitive slave law of her own, enacted in 1793, and re-enacted with modifications in 1836 and 1846. The slaveholder or his agent can apply to a Common Pleas Judge, and the arrest will be made by the sheriff, and the question of property decided by three judges. New Jersey has also a law authorising a slaveholder to take his slaves through the State, and to make a temporary residence with them.—*National Intelligencer.*

New Jersey, it will be remembered, is Mr. Speaker Pennington's State. It seems she not only goes in for the Constitutional compromises, but volunteers to catch slaves by state sovereignty; and while forbidding her own citizens to hold slaves, permits citizens of other States to do it upon her soil.

NO FREE BLACKS IN FLORIDA.—The Legislature of Florida has passed an act compelling all free negroes to leave the State between this time and next October, or choose their masters and become slaves.

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Will meet on the 26th inst. Hour and place stated in next week's paper.

## RECIPROCAL ATTACHMENT.

The Legislature of Ohio lately invited the Governors and entire Legislatures of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee to come up to Columbus and enjoy the hospitalities of the Buckeye State, at the state's expense. Accordingly they came up *en masse* and had a grand drunken revelry at Columbus—Ex.Gov. Chase and all hands, Republican as well as Democrat, receiving the southerners with open hands, cordial greetings and any quantity of assurances of devotion to the Union!—Well, this was well enough of itself considered. But what was transpiring at that very time? At the very time when Ohio was treating and toasting the Legislature and Executive of Kentucky, and chanting peans to freedom and the Union, Kentucky on *her* part, was driving eighteen peaceable men, women and children out of her state, into Ohio, for merely doubting the justness of that system of piracy which makes merchandise of the image of God! Driving them out by brute force—*away from* their firesides, and all their substance on earth! And indeed, previous to Ohio's tender of hospitality, the same state of Kentucky had exiled some thirty or more of her citizens, for the same offence, and the exiles were then on Ohio soil! Glorious reciprocity, is this! A loving Union! Ohio must feel slightly ashamed of her fawning, when the fawning meets with such a malignant return!—*Erie True American.*

THE FREE SOUTH—SUIT FOR DAMAGES.—Mr. Bailey, the proprietor of the *Free South* newspaper crushed out by the pro-slavery mob at Newport, Kentucky, has commenced suit in the Circuit Court against the parties engaged in illustrating Kentucky, regard for the liberty of the press, laying his damages at $15,000. He should recover the full amount claimed, as the defendants who destroyed his establishment in spite of the pleading and defence of an old man and his printer daughters, are men of property and former respectable standing in Newport. The outrage was most flagrant, and reduced an industrious family to poverty.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.—A correspondent of the *News and Advertiser* (Delaware) gives notice to persons wishing to go South,

"That the Hon. Geo. Read Riddle issues protection and passes which will be promptly vised in any of the Southern cities, so that northern whites can travel free and unmolested in any of the Southern States on terms of equality with the commonest plantation nigger."

## AN INSPIRED NEGRO BOY.

The Charleston *Courier* describes the musical performance on the piano of a blind negro slave-boy, belonging to a gentleman of Savannah:

He strikes the keys with all the confidence of one largely gifted with the musical faculty, who had devoted many years to the cultivation of the talent. His manipulation is most graceful, his touch is now exquisitely delicate, and then all the strength of his frail body is thrown into his hands, and he strikes the instrument with impassioned earnestness.

We see a boy with a decidedly African type of face—low retreating forehead, flat spreading nose and projecting upper lip, with every mark of idiocy, we see this awkward and stupid negro led to the piano stool. He takes his seat, but the first touch of the responsive keys shows that his soul is made of melody. He sweeps his hand over the keys with the air of a master, and when we behold the inspiration manifesting itself in his countenance and movements till interest changes to awe, and we are dumb with astonishment. The melody penetrates his whole being. An exstatic influence flows from the keys into his fingers, and rolls like a tide through his veins, lighting up a fire in every nerve as it courses along. His head is thrown back, now it rests on one shoulder, then on the other, and again it falls upon his breast.—A light kindles on the black face, and as we gaze, wondering, the fashion of his countenance seems changed. It is absolutely beautiful. The divine ravishment increases every moment, and when he is thoroughly suffused with the inspiration of the melody, the muscles of his face twitch, and his upper teeth are pressed firmly upon his lower lip. A feeling of reverence steals over us as we behold this mysterious and sudden transformation.

JUSTICE FROM POLITICAL OPPONENTS.—The Columbus correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* has the following flattering notice of Mr. Harrison's speech, advocating his sedition bill, with its ten years penalty in the penitentiary:

Mr Harrison rejoined in a manner very satisfactory to the friends of the bill. He dealt some of the heaviest blows that have been given this session. They were stunning and overwhelming, and created quite a sensation. He stated distinctly, that the object of the bill was to reach and punish such cowards as Wendell Phillips and Loyd Garrison, who have not the courage to face danger themselves, but stir up such heroes as John Brown, and in a covertly and cowardly manner instil poison and treason into their hearts; he said he had no denunciation for John Brown and such men as were governed by like motives, but he desired to punish the men who set on foot such expeditions as that of Harper's Ferry; who furnish the means to carry them on; who makes speeches encouraging sincere and courageous men to violate the laws of sister States, and who make the funeral orations over the graves of these men after they have been punished according to law.

The "irrepressible" gentlemen *winced* under the infliction of the Senator from Madison. It is somewhat doubtful whether the bill will pass. The chances are, however, I think, in its favor. It ought to pass without opposition.

BAYARD TAYLOR AND THE YOUNG CHRISTIANS OF RICHMOND.—The Young Men's Christian Association of Richmond, Va., have withdrawn their invitation to Bayard Taylor to lecture before them, on account of his connection with the *Tribune*, and the skeptical character of certain parts of his lecture on Humboldt. Mr. Taylor replies to the letter of their Chairman, that he has been connected with the *Tribune* for twelve years. During that period has visited the Southern States, and now has invitations to lecture in Memphis, Savannah, and other cities, and has until now, supposed that he might hold the opinions of Washington and Jefferson, on Slavery, in private. After sarcastically hinting to the young gentleman, that his knowledge of the character of his lecture is probably based on a hearing, he states that the only ground for the charge of infidelity, is his having defended Humboldt from that accusation, and that if his belief that Humboldt was not an infidel places himself in that category, then should he believe the Chairman of the Y. M. C. A. of Richmond to be an infidel, by the same logic he would be a christian. In conclusion, he expresses the opinion that in all his journeyings he has never been subjected to a narrower or more insulting censorship.

## IMPORTANT "CAMPAIGN DOCUMENTS."

The Anti Slavery Union of the Black River Conference have just issued the following pamphlets, viz:

I. THE VOICE OF BRADBURN AGAINST OPPRESSION—"An address to the People called Methodists, concerning the Criminality of encouraging Slavery. By Samuel Bradburn, Minister of the Gospel." (Long lost, but providentially recovered and re-printed.) A stirring and powerful appeal, by a companion of Mr. WESLEY. 24 pages 12mo.

II. WHAT OF THE NIGHT? or, The Recent History, Present Condition and Future Prospects of the Great Anti Slavery Struggle in the M. E. Church. By H. Mattison. 24 pages octavo.

These are important and timely extirpation documents, and it is the design, as far as possible, to get one of *each* in *every Methodist family in the Free States.* For this purpose, although the first edition *costs* nearly five cents per copy, they will be supplied at the following rates:

| | |
|---|---|
| Single copies by mail, post paid, | 5cts |
| One dozen by mail, post paid, | 40cts |
| For 33 copies, by " " | $1 00 |
| One hundred, or over, by express, per hundred, | 2 00 |

Will not the friends of freedom *every where*, help us in giving to these two pamphlets an *immediate and wide spread* circulation?

Send to H. Mattison, care of Mason Brothers, New York.

PETITIONS FOR SLAVERY IN NEW YORK!—We learn that petitions are circulating in New York City, asking the State Legislature to re-enact the "Nine Month's Law," by which slaveholders may again be permitted to hold their slaves in the State for nine months. It is well known that under that enactment, slaves were held year after year, by an easy evasion of the act, when the "nine months" were nearly expired, the master would take his slave across the Jersey City Ferry, bring him immediately back, and thus renew the term, for nine months longer, and so on, as long as he pleased. The real object of the movement is to establish a precedent and a principle by which New York may be made a slave State.—The real issue is beginning to be understood. The "irrepressible conflict" is coming on, in good earnest. All the States are to be free State or all of them are to be slave States. There is to be no middle ground, and the politicians might as well be apprised of the fact, and prepared to take their stand, on one side or the other.

## A FEMALE LECTURER AT MUSIC HALL.

Mrs. J. Elizabeth Jones of Ohio lectured at Music Hall, yesterday forenoon, to a good congregation, by invitation of Theodore Parker's Society. Her subject was "Equal Privileges for Women." She commenced by painting in glowing colors, the glorious achievements of the Revolution, which had made the white male people of the United States, envied of the whole world; and then alluded to the reputation we had since acquired of a liberty-loving as well as freedom-enjoying people. Like certain popular orators, she confessed to a weakness in regard to her country, but it was her duty to speak of the defects and the faults of our government and society, and in a logical argument she then demonstrated the inconsistency of allowing a drunken imbecile, merely because he was a male, to be welcomed at the ballot box, and to assist in making laws which accomplished and capable women could have no part in framing, but must submit to, as to the ukase of a tyrant. The social, religious and moral as well as the political oppression of the sex were also described, according to the lecturer's views, and it was maintained that woman could not be entirely responsible for her wrong acts, or be capable of exercising a mother's functions as God designed and our humanity required, until the heathenish restrictions imposed upon her moral, intellectual, physical and general developement were removed. In the course of her remarks, she sarcastically observed that women who aspired to the higher avocations of life were barked at by theological students, while lawyers cracked jokes at them, editors wrote squibs about them, and her own sex tossed their heads at her as she passed. The lecture was earnest and evinced the possession of talents and cultivation by the lecturer.—*Boston Bee & Atlas (Dec 13.)*

Some eighty odd free negroes, carrying with them $50,000 worth of property, have left New Orleans for Hayti.

Receipt for the Bugle from Feb. 1. to Feb. 15

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Giles L. Day, Johnsonville, | $2 00 to | 736 |
| Elizabeth Case, Randolph, | 1 50 | 799 |
| L. D. Pellett, Kina Green, | 1 00 | 782 |
| Alice Roby, Leesville, | 1 00 | 740 |
| John Pontius, Petersburg, | 1 50 | 798 |
| Stephen Hambleton, Pleasant Corners, | 1 50 | 799 |
| Thomas Pennock, Zanesfield, | 2 00 | 782 |
| Joseph S. Boynton, Stryker, | 1 50 | 799 |
| Wm. Antrim, Mt. Union, | 2 10 | 740 |
| James Doud, Atwater, | 1 50 | 800 |
| Joseph J. Windel, New Garden, | 1 50 | 800 |
| Eli Cadwalader, Troy Grove, | 2 00 | 817 |
| R. B. Glazier, Ann Arbor, | 3 00 | 800 |

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☞$1 5 *PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.*☜

THE BUGLE can be obtained every Friday, of Isaac Trescott, at Steer's Book Store on Main street, Salem, Ohio.

☞FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS is authorised to obtain subscribers for the Bugle, and to receipt for any monies paid on account of the paper.

☞ ISAAC TRESCOTT is duly authorized to receive all monies on account of subscriptions on the Bugle.

## Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING WEST.

| Leave | Mail | Express |
|---|---|---|
| Pittsburg | 2.00 a m | 1.45 p m |
| Columbiana | 4.52 a m | 4 43 p m |
| Salem | 5.20 a m | 5.11 p m |
| Alliance | 6 10 a m | 6 02 p m |

GOING EAST.

| Leave | Mail | Express |
|---|---|---|
| Crestline | 7.20 a m | 6.20 p m |
| Alliance | 12.24 p m | 12 20 a m |
| Salem | 1.16 p m | 1 04 a m |
| Columbiana | 1.45 p m | 1.37 a m |

Mail Train arrives in Crestline at 11 a m, in Chicago, 10.45 p m.

Express Train arrives in Crestline at 11 p m., in Chicago 10.45 a m.

Mail Train arrives in Pittsburg at 5.00 p m.

Express Train arrives in Pittsburg at 5.05 a m.

CLEVELAND AND PITTSBURGH RAIL ROAD TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, January 16th, 1860:—Trains leave Alliance as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Mail, 8.38, a m, arrive in Cleveland, 11.28, a m

Express, 5.37, p m arrive in Cleveland, 7.35 p m

GOING SOUTH.

Mail, 12.8 p m arrive in Pittsburgh 4.35 p m

Mail, 12.8 p m arrive in Wheeling 6.16 p m

Express, 10.43 p m arrive in Pittsburgh, 2.30 a m

Express, 10.43 p m arrive in Wheeling 7.30 a m

RETURNING TRAINS LEAVE

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cleveland, | 9.45 a m and | 8.35 p m |
| Pittsburgh, | 2 a m and | 1.45 p m |
| Wheeling, | 11 25 a m and | 9.45 p m |

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Prest.

F. R. MYERS, Gen. Ticket Agt.

NOTION AND VARIETY

STORE!!

Please call and examine our stock of Dry Good and Notions, DeLaines, Prints, Bleached and Brown Muslins, Chintzes, Ginghams, Drillings, Bleached and Brown Cotton Flannels, Plaid, Striped, Plain, Swiss Mull and Book Muslins, Friend's Book Muslin H'dk'fs, Shirt Collars, Baby Flannels, Gents' and Ladies' H'dk'fs, Hosiery of all kinds, Gents' and Ladies' Gloves, Knitting Cotton and Woolen Yarn, Pocket Books, Porte Monnaies, Ladies' Reticules and Fancy Purses, Sheet Wadding, Cotton Batting, Ladies' Gauntlets, Woolen Hoods, Grenadine for veils, Needles, Pins, Cottons; Tapes, Bonnet Ruches, Silk Oilcloth, Corsets, Skirt Supporters, and Notions of all kinds. We call particular attention to our present stock, as it is the most attractive stock that we have ever been able to offer to our numerous friends, customers and the public generally. Store, one door west of M'Millen's Book Store.

E. E. BARR.

Salem, Oct 22, 1852. E. E. BARR.

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This brilliant and beautiful periodical is issued monthly by us from advance plates made in London, thus securing its publication on the same day in both hemispheres. Although but six months old it has already reached a circulation in Europe and America of over 120,000 copies of each number. Following are a few brief extracts from the commendations which have been bestowed upon it by the American press:

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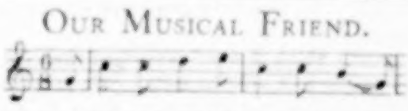

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Extract from a Letter of Mary A. Brown, Widow of Capt. John Brown.

North Elba, Dec. 1859.

Messrs. Thayer and Eldridge: Dear Friends—I am satisfied that Mr. Redpath is THE man to write the life of my beloved husband, as he was personally acquainted with him, and I think will do him justice. * * * I think that the Portrait is a very good one. * * *

Yours respectfully,
MARY A. BROWN.

Letter from Salmon Brown, Son of Capt. John Brown.

North Elba, Dec. 1859.

Messrs. Thayer & Eldridge, Dear Sirs—I was somewhat acquainted with James Redpath in Kansas. I am also familiar with his writings, and I consider him an able biographer, and the man above all others to write the life of my beloved father. I believe him to be a man of undoubted veracity, and fully believe he will do justice to the work he has undertaken.

Yours respectfully,
SALMON BROWN.

☞The Publishers' Agent is now in this place, with the Work for Sale. The book will not be put in the Bookstores, and those who desire it must procure it from the authorized Agent, as it cannot be obtained from any other source.

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## Miscellaneous.

### QUESTIONS FOR THE DEMOCRACY.

BY JOSEPH ADAMS.

What is Democracy?
What Aristocracy?
Are they synonymous—one and the same?
Hail ye that nation free,
Where millions bow the knee?
Is it Republican more than in name?

What say the poor oppressed,
Crossing the Ocean's crest—
Daring for freedom, the wind and the wave—
When as our shores they near,
Cries and deep groans they hear?
Harsh clank of manacles worn by the slave.

Hope they for freedom here?
Comes not a troubled fear
Tumultuously over the heart?
Think they secure to live,
'Mong those who chose to give
Man's best inheritance but to a part?

Would that low policy,
Which with its ready plea,
Very contemptible,—namely of "hue"—
Makes its sad ravages,
Stop with "the savages?"
Would it not reach, at length, you, Sir? and you?

Does a man's habitude,
Color or latitude,
Make him our property, if that we can,
By means of his weakness,
Or even his "meekness,"
Gain an authority over the man?

Does that good old volume
Where every column
Presents inspiration truly sublime,
Sanction Democracy?
Present philosophy?
Or does in favor most that of old time?

Those "great, immortal dead
Who for their country bled,"
Were they our forefathers? How can it be,
That, from their high estate,
Man could degenerate
Into corruption, so low as have we?

Will Northern cowardice
Still make a sacrifice
Unto the slave power all we hold dear?
Is it not most unwise
Still, still to compromise?
Does it not argue the basest of fear?

Will inactivity
E'er make us great or free?
Is't not discussion the Southron offends?
If then our tongues are mute,
Do we not prostitute
Heaven's best gifts to most unholy ends?

Are we not presuming
Too much in assuming
That we on the South, as of old, may rely?
The "great institution!"
Is't not all pollution?
Will some new-school Democrat please make reply?

### ISABEL'S BIRTH DAY.

"What an odd little figure!" exclaimed Isabel Crawford, one of the merry party of school girls, who, with baskets and tin boxes in their hands, were roaming through the woods and fields, one delightful summer afternoon, in search of flowers to arrange in their herbariums.

Isabel's companion looked in the direction to which she pointed, and echoed her exclamation as they saw a little girl with a sun-bonnet almost as large as herself upon her head, and a cape upon her shoulders, extending nearly to her naked feet.

Isabel walked hastily toward the little berry-girl, followed by several of her companions.

The child looked up timidly as they approached, and seemed half inclined to run away; but Isabel's smiling countenance and kind words soon re-assured her, and she picked away as industriously as ever.

"What a large pail of berries you have gathered!" said Isabel. Are you going to sell any of them? or will you and your brothers and sisters eat them for your supper?"

'O, I have no brothers and sisters, miss,' replied the little girl. 'Mother and I live all alone in that little cottage at the foot of the hill. You can just see the chimney from here. I am going to sell the berries in the village. I sold four quarts yesterday, and to day I shall have six or eight to sell. Mother will be very glad.'

'Do you give all your money to your mother?' asked Isabel.'

'Yes, indeed, miss: she needs it all very much. She used to sew a great deal, and then we had all we wanted, but she grew so sick and weak, that the doctor said she must not sew any more. Then we grew very poor, and at last we had to sell our cow. Oh! I was very sorrowful then; for I loved poor Molly so much! I could milk her myself, she was so gentle. But mother said it would be wrong to keep her when we had not enough to give her to eat. Before my father died, she gave a great deal of milk; and we used to sell it to the neighbors, and that helped us along very much; but when we grew poor, and could not feed her well, she gave very little milk; so we had come to sell. I was afraid we should never have any more money when mother took all that farmer Jennings gave her for the cow, and paid the grocer and the doctor, but she said it was right to pay them, and that the Lord would take care of us, for he takes care of even the little sparrows. And now I know that he does take care of us; for he has made all these nice berries to grow; and I shall pick them and sell them, and earn a great deal of money for my mother.'

The tears came to Isabel's eyes as she listened to the simple story of the little berry-girl.

'What is your name, little girl?' she asked, as the child paused in her story.

'Jenny, miss,—Jenny Green, was the reply. And Jenny got up from the grass where she had been kneeling, and dropped her little courtesy, as her mother had taught her to do when any one inquired her name.

Isabel's companion smiled; but she looked very serious as she said, 'Well, little girl, if you will bring your berries to our house at six o'clock, we will buy them all, and my mamma will give you some tea and sugar for your sick mother. Do you know where Mr. Crawford lives?'

How Jenny's eyes sparkled as she replied, 'Oh, yes, miss—in the great white house with the beautiful garden! I will bring the berries. And, oh, my mother will be so glad to have a cup of tea! She never buys any now; but it always made her feel better when she was sick and tired.'

'Very well Jenny; she shall have a nice cup this evening," said Isabel, her eyes still glistening with tears. "Do not forget to come at six; I will be at home then. Good-bye for the present!"

Just as the clock in the village church struck six, little Jenny Green stood at the door of Mr. Crawford's handsome mansion. Isabel had not forgotten her promise to be ready for her at that hour. She had told the story to her mother and received permission to buy the berries and to give Jenny several articles of suitable clothing. Mrs. Crawford had packed a small basket of provisions, and had advised Isabel to go herself to the cottage as she then would be better able to judge of the truth of what Jenny had told her, and could also make more particular inquiries into the wants of the poor woman.

Jenny appeared much delighted when she found that her new friend intended to accompany her home.

She trudged merrily along, with the heavy basket in one hand, and the empty pail in the other, declining all Isabel's offers of assistance, until at length they stood at the door of a small but very neat-looking cottage at the foot of a hill, so steep that it almost deserved the name of a mountain.

'The young lady has come to see you, mother!' exclaimed Jenny, as she opened the cottage door, and invited Isabel to walk in.

'She is very kind,' replied a pleasant voice; and Mrs. Green came forward to welcome her visitor.

She was neatly dressed, and had a cheerful, contented expression of countenance; although she looked pale and feeble, as though she had been very ill

Isabel inquired kindly concerning her health; and she replied she was much better, and hoped soon to be able to work again.

* * * * * * *

For several days, Jenny continued to bring her fresh berries to Mr. Crawford's and receive many gifts from Isabel and her mother. Mrs. Crawford also visited the cottage with Isabel, and was so much pleased with Mrs. Green, that she sent her own physician to see her, and provided her with many comforts.

Mrs. Green's health improved very much, and she was soon able to do many things to aid in their support, although too close attention to needle work brought on a return of her old complaints.

Isabel had now nearly reached her twelfth birth day. Her father had promised her a party, and the event was already much talked of among her companions; for, as we have already said, she was an only child, and her parents were wealthy, and loved to do everything to promote her happiness. There were to be music and dancing, and an elegant supper, and everything else that could be desired, at the birthday-party; and Isabel looked forward to it with great anticipations of delight.

'You had better have your little berry girl for one of the waiters at your party, Isabel,' said Mr. Crawford, as they were talking over the arrangements one evening. 'She will be useful to you, and it will give her pleasure to see all that is going on.'

'Thank you, father,' replied Isabel. 'Jenny will be delighted to come, I am sure.'

'How does she get along with her studies?' asked Mr. Crawford. 'Your mother tells me that you are teaching her arithmetic.'

'She learns very fast, father. Her mother will send her to school next winter, if she is well enough to spare her.

'Mrs. Green is quite strong again now, is she not, Isabel?'

'Much better than she was; but the sewing still gives her the bad pain in her side. I wish she had something else to do. When they had a cow, she used to sell milk and fresh butter, and this brought them in a good deal of money; but, while Mrs. Green was ill, they grew so poor that the cow had to be sold to pay their debts.'

'That was a pity,' returned Mr. Crawford. 'A cow is a great blessing to a poor person; that is, if they have enough to feed one.'

'But they had not, father; that was one great trouble. Jenny could pasture the cow at the side of the road in the summer; but in the winter they needed hay for her, and they had no money to buy it.'

'I would willingly have given them the hay, if I had known the circumstances, and they need not have parted with the cow,' replied Mr. Crawford.

'I wish they had another, father,' said Isabel, earnestly. 'Do you think you could afford to buy them one?'

I hardly think I can,' answered her father, stroking her hair affectionately. 'We people who are called rich have a good many ways to spend our money. There is my little daughter's party, for instance, that will cost as much as a cow. I will try to help Mrs. Green through the winter; but I do not think I can afford to give them so large a sum.'

Isabel was silent, and seemed to be thinking deeply.

'You must not be grieved at my refusal, my child,' said her father. 'You know that I would gladly oblige you, if I thought it would be right.'

'I know that, father; I am not grieved,' replied Isabel; but still she remained very thoughtful.

After a long silence, she said, "Father, if I will give up my party, will you buy a cow for Mrs. Green.'

'Give up your party, my dear Isabel! Can you make up your mind to do this, when you have looked forward to it so long?'

'Not very easily, father; but I think I can do it. The pleasure that we should have from the party seems of little consequence, when I think of the good that the money would do Mrs. Green.'

It was now Mr. Crawford's turn to be silent and thoughtful. At length he said,

'I will speak to your mother about it, Isabel; and to-morrow morning we will talk on the subject again. Perhaps you will repent of a too hasty decision.'

Both Mr. and Mrs. Crawford felt a little reluctance at the thought of Isabel's giving up her party; and at one time her father half resolved to buy the cow himself, and not ask for any sacrifice on her part. But her mother opposed this course; for she felt sure that the self-denial would be good for Isabel, and she did not think it would be right for them to deprive her of this good.

'We will let her take her own course,' she said to her husband. She will loose her party, it is true; but the act of kindness will bring around her many good and gentle spirits and she will be happier than with her earthly companions.

When Isabel came to her father, in the morning therefore, and told him that she still wished to buy the cow, he consented at once, and promised that he would attend to the business himself and would see that she was provided with food for the first year at least.

When Isabel's companions questioned her, as usual, about the expected party, she was a little at a loss what to say to them. She could easily tell them that she had concluded not to have it; but then they would want a reason, and she was unwilling to speak of her generosity to Mrs. Green. Her friend, Kate Barton, however, suspected at once that she had denied herself the expected pleasure for some purpose of charity; and begged so earnestly to know all about it, that Isabel told her the whole truth.

Kate, and indeed all the girls, were a good deal disappointed at first; but many of them had become quite interested in little Jenny and her mother, and they could not help rejoicing that they were to receive so valuable a gift.

And now Kate Barton appeared to have some secret of her own. She called at Mr. Crawford's one afternoon, when she well knew that Isabel was absent, and had quite a long talk with her mother. After this, there was a good deal of whispering and consultation among the elder girls at the school; and finally Isabel was told that they had concluded to celebrate the afternoon of her birthday by having a little picnic, and invited her to join them.

'We are going to the grove near Mrs. Green's cottage,' said Kate. 'You know what a pleasant place it is, Isabel. It has been nicely cleared up within a few days, and is all ready for a picnic.'

Isabel entered readily into the plans of her schoolmates, and promised to be early on the picnic ground, and to bring an abundance of flowers to decorate the table.

'How I wish father could have bought the cow before the picnic!' said Isabel to her mother, as she told her of the proposed pleasure; 'then Mrs. Green could have treated us to some fresh milk, and Jenny would have felt so proud and happy. But father is very busy at present, and he says I must not hurry him."

The day appointed for the picnic was one of the most lovely of all the autumn days, and the faces of the happy party in the grove were as cloudless as the sky.

'First of all, we must choose our queen!' exclaimed Kate Barton, when all the girls had assembled, and kindly greetings had passed between them.

'She is already chosen; is she not?' remarked one of the other girls. 'We have only to crown her, and conduct her to the throne.'

'Very true,' replied Kate; 'and here is the crown,' she continued, producing a beautiful wreath of autumnal leaves and flowers, and placing it upon Isabel's head.

"Long live Queen Isabel!' exclaimed many voices, as Kate took the hand of the new made queen, and led her to a mossy seat, which was to serve the purpose of a throne.

Isabel was so much astonished at this unexpected honor, that she found it difficult to recover her self-possession sufficiently to reply in a dignified and proper manner to the congratulations of her subjects, and to receive the numerous gifts of flowers and fruit which were now presented to her.

Just as she was becoming more at ease in her position, Jenny, the little berry girl appeared, bearing in her hand a small but beautiful chased silver cup, and with her usual modest courtesy, presented it to the queen.

'The speech, the speech!' urged Kate, laying her hand gently upon the little girl's shoulder.

Jenny looked up with a bewildered air.

"I cannot, Miss Kate. Indeed, I tried to remember it, and I have just said it every word to my mother; but now it has all gone out of my mind. I can only say, dear Miss Isabel, I love you, and thank you with all my heart."

Here Jenny's voice failed her, and she burst into tears. The queen and several of her subjects appeared much disposed to follow her example. Even the gay Kate brushed the drops from her eyes as she exclaimed, 'Was there ever anything so provoking? that eloquent speech that I have taken so much pains to prepare! But will your majesty be pleased to taste the contents of your cup?" she continued, playfully, addressing Isabel, who still held the cup in her hand, apparently quite unconscious of what it contained.

Isabel started, and raised the cup to her lips.

"Milk! warm new milk!" she exclaimed, springing from the throne. "The cow has come at last!

"Yes, miss, she has come," said Jenny, smiling through her tears. "And such a beauty you never saw; and so gentle, that I can milk her just as easily as I could our old one; But you have not looked at the beautiful cup, Miss Isabel.'

Ashamed of her neglect of the costly gift of her companions, Isabel hastened to examine it, and with the tears still gathering in her eyes, read the simple inscription.—"ISABEL: from her affectionate Schoolmates."

'It is beautiful, and I thank you very much,' she said earnestly as she looked around upon them all; 'but like Jenny, I cannot make any speech.'

'We do not want any,' replied Kate. 'You have said enough. There shall be no speeches to-day, since the one I planned has failed. And now, girls, let us pay our respects to Jenny's new treasure. I saw her feeding in the field near the cottage.'

Away ran all the girls: and, in spite of Kate's boasted fleetness, Isabel was the first to reach the field; for her impatience to see the cow seemed to give her wings.

She was a fine looking animal; and, after sufficiently admiring her, the girls went to the cottage to wish Mrs. Green joy, and to get the large pail of milk which Jenny assured them was ready for their suppers.

The table in the grove was soon bountifully spread; and the girls joyfully welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, and several ladies and gentlemen, who had walked that way to witness the scene.

It had been a happy afternoon, and one which none of the little party would soon forget. In after years, when looking back upon their pleasant school days, one of the most cherished reminiscences was that of the picnic on Isabel's birth day.

### THE MORAL PIONEER.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel-comforting can hear
O'er the rabbles' laughter;
And, while Hatred's faggots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

### THE FUTURE.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay.
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of truth to time!

—*J. G. Whittier.*

For the Bugle.

### ARISEN.

The spirit that cannot die,
In terror hath arisen,
Full long he hath heard the captive cry
From the Captive's dreary prison:
Glory to God on high,
Enceladus hath arisen!

Arisen, arisen at last!
List to his giant tread
Shaking the mighty earth;
And the Giants who thought him dead
Pause in their fiendish mirth,
And they pale with a mortal fear
As his awful tread in the land they hear

Glory to God on high!
Enceladus is not dead,
Enceladus cannot die;
You may hang him on a tree
You may heap the earth on his mighty head,
You may bury him in the sea,
But the more you crush and the more you kill
The more terrible at his coming, will
The day of his reckoning be!

C. L. M.

SINGULAR TRAITS OF SONG BIRDS.—A gentleman of my acquaintance had an American mocking bird, in such health and vigor, that it was constantly singing, or else imitating the various sounds it heard. In order to try the powers of this bird the owner purchased a fine sky lark.—When placed in the same room with the mocking bird the song of the former was heard to echo through the house, as if it were chanting, "on fluttering wing," its well known welcome to the rising sun. The mocking bird was silent for some time, but at last broke forth in the strains of the aerial songster, but louder and clearer, as if mounting and stretching its wings towards heaven.—The lark was silent that moment, nor was a joyous note ever heard afterwards. Willing to test the power of the mocking bird still farther, an unusually large price was given for a black bird, celebrated for its vocal powers. It was placed in the same room with the mocking bird. Early on the second morning, its song was resumed, and its charming notes were warbled forth with all the sweetness and modulation, which may be heard in its native "thorney brakes." The mocking bird listened, and was silent for a time, when all at once its notes was heard to issue forth, but louder and sweeter than those of the woodland songster. The poor black bird heard them, felt that it was conquered, remained silent, drooped, pined and died. From the above facts, emulation would seem to be one of the exciting causes of the songs of the birds. When their powers are excelled, they appear to feel disgrace at being conquered, and to lose all inclination to renew their former efforts.—*Jesse's Country Life.*

Some years ago, there was a joke passing around upon the different telegraph lines, which was played off on a good many unsuspecting individuals, in the following manner:

BOSTON, April 1, 1855.

To L. E. Phant, at some Hotel, New Bedford:

In leaving this morning, you neglected to take your trunk. What shall be done with it?

ADAM GOODELL.

By pronouncing the name of the party addressed quickly and the signature slowly, a solution of the "sell" is obtained, and you get a view of the elephant at the same time.

### MR. BEECHER ON FAULT-FINDING.

In a recent discourse on the text, "Bear ye one another's burdens," Henry Ward Beecher said:

The spirit of this passage forbids that we should make the failings of other men a source of amusement to ourselves—and now I am coming to it. I will admit that there is a playful good-humored kind of *badinage* that is harmless. The reprehension or exposition of a man's faults in a light, genial spirit, is often the best way of telling him of them. I do not, therefore, say that all innocent raillery and good natured reprehension is to be disallowed. On the contrary, it may be allowed It must be genuine, however, producing good and not pain. But he that makes the mistakes, the foibles, the faults, the misconceptions of men—the ten thousand infelicities of human life—the subject matter of comment, of jest and social enjoyment, and of personal amusement, is simply a barbarian. He is not a Christian, he does not belong to that category. It is one of those things that are monstrous in the sight of God. Could you do it to your child? A mother may tantalise her child. She may frolic with it. She may do a thousand things with it, causing it to hover vibrating between a tear and a smile; sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, just for a moment; but she instantly presses it to her bosom, and covers its face with kisses, so that there are no shades left upon its spirits. And there is such a thing as innocent raillery. But to watch to see what is awkward in others, to search out the infirmities of men; to go out like a street-sweeper, or a universal scavenger, to collect the faults and failings of people to carry these things about as if they were cherries or flowers; to throw them out of your bag or pouch, and make them an evening repast, or a noonday meal, for the amusement of a social hour, enlivened by unfeeling criticisms, heartless jests and cutting sarcasms; to take a man up as you would a chicken, and gnaw his flesh from his very bones, and then lay him down saying with fiendish exultation—"There is his skeleton"—this is devilish! You may call it by as many pretty names as you please, but it is devilish! and you will do nothing worse than this when you go to hell—for you may expect to go there if you have such a disposition and do not change it. Talk about cannibalism! Cannibals never eat a man until he is dead. They are nearer Christ than you are a great deal.

WHAT CONSTITUTES TRUE BRAVERY?—The Duke of Wellington, seeing a man turn pale, as without moving a muscle, he marched up to a battery, remarked: "That is a brave man; he knows his danger and faces it." The bravest men have ever been those of a high-toned finely organised temperament, and therefore an acutely nervous structure. Cæsar, Bonaparte, Washington, and all men of great purpose and daring, were of this nervous temperament. The man who delights in scenes of bloodshed, and is utterly unmindful and reckless of danger, cannot be called the brave man. His courage is merely that of the brute, without reason or judgment.

'Whether upon the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man.'

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